

6 MONTHS' AGGREGATES.

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**EXTRA**

**8 P. M.**

**NO ROOM FOR BOBTAIL CARS.**

CORONER MESSEMER WILL GENERAL THE BATTLE TO-MORROW.

The Fight to Be Pushed Hard All Along the Line—Many Letters of Encouragement Pour Into "The Evening World" Office—Resolutions of Support Passed—The One Horse Car System Not Legal.

If there exists a person who has not an abiding faith in the adage that "Actions speak louder than words," he would never have doubted it were he privileged to scan the hundreds of communications which pour into THE EVENING WORLD each day, commencing at the stand it has taken in attempting the abatement of the bobtail car nuisance.

That the system of conductorless cars is a public nuisance there is little doubt, but the difficulty of establishing this fact under the recognized rules of evidence is so great that it was found to be necessary to resort to a prosecution for manslaughter to show those who maintain this system the enormity of their offense against the constitutional rights of citizens.

It is generally supposed that, operating under authority of the Legislature, which granted them their charter, the bobtail car companies are exempt from prosecution for "the accident" which may occur through the use of their system.

This idea it is which has compelled many to seek an abatement of the nuisance by legislative act.

Such a position is not tenable. No legislative act can legalize a felony or take away one jot from a right assured under the constitution.

It will be seen, therefore, that the prosecution which is being pushed by THE EVENING WORLD not only involves the question of the guilt of the officials of the Twenty-third street, railway of the crime of manslaughter in killing Mrs. Sophia Levy, but the constitutionality of the law which permits them to operate a system which infringes upon the constitutional rights of individuals.

The bobtail car as a metropolitan institution must go, but it is going to be a hard battle to defeat the system.

THE EVENING WORLD does not shrink from the fight, and is encouraged in its work by the earnest co-operation of Coroner Messemmer and the District-Attorney's office, as well as by the encouraging communications which it is receiving constantly from all classes of citizens.

Here are a few samples of these:

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Will you accept the thanks of my friends and self for the fight you are making against the bobtail cars. I was so unfortunate as to have seen Mrs. Levy lying dead on the sidewalk near my home, that I feel that I made me hope that sooner or later this dangerous system might be abolished. Go ahead! The public is with you. Very truly yours, J. B. Smith, 75 Pine street, July 17.

The following preamble and resolutions were adopted by the Turtle Bay Democratic Club of the Twentieth Assembly District last night:

Whereas, in so large and populous a city as New York is, the so-called bobtail car is a constant source of danger to life and limb, and

Whereas, the great number of fatal accidents which have recently resulted from these so-called bobtail cars, is evidence of this fact,

Resolved, That we condemn that system which compels one man to act both as driver and conductor.

Resolved, That we cordially endorse the action of THE EVENING WORLD in raising the agitation against this dangerous class of roadsters.

HARRY W. STEVENS, Chairman.  
Jacob Stockinger, Jr., Recording Secretary.

The inquest, which is expected to bring out all the facts in the case of the Levy killing and place the responsibility for the woman's death, will be commenced at 11 A. M. to-morrow by Coroner Messemmer.

**SHE COULDN'T HELP IT.**

What Miss Altlinger Said When Told Her Lover Had Shot Himself.

Emil Faas was summoned to appear in the Tombs Police Court this morning to answer a charge of seduction preferred by Maria Altlinger, of 156 Greenwich street.

Just as the clerk called the case and announced that it was adjourned until Sept. 25, Morris Faas, his bondsman, of 212 Delancey street, rushed into the court-room and reported that Faas had shot himself at his home, 26 Delancey street.

Faas was twenty-four years old and the Altlinger girl was twenty-three.

When told that Faas had shot himself she said: "I can't help that."

**AMATEUR OARSMEN AT SUNBURY.**

About 25,000 People to See the Trial Heat This Afternoon.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)

SUNBURY, Pa., July 18.—There are 25,000 strangers here to-day to witness the sixteenth annual regatta of the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen, the trial heats of which will be rowed on the Susquehanna River this afternoon.

The oarsmen of this country and Canada have been coming here since last Friday, and the hotels are crowded.

The national regatta has always created great enthusiasm, but the interest in the present meeting is considerably dampened by the selection of this out-of-the-way place and also through the non-arrival of several of the celebrated Western crews—namely, the Lurline Club, of Minneapolis, and the Farragut and Delaware crews, of Chicago.

These clubs found it impossible to have their boats transported from Chicago to this place like a fair rate, and decided not to compete.

J. F. Corbett was entered in the senior single scull from the Farragut Club, of Chicago. It was conceded by everybody that he had a pretty sure hold on the prize if he started, but through his failure to get here, Prof. of Cornell College, was placed in the first rank as the probable winner.

His college is well represented here, and being supplied with a great sum of money it went around very lively.

Gonfer, of the City of Metropolitans, of New York, was backed fairly well, but the Albany delegation, with E. J. Mulcahy in the senior singles as their champion, slipped back at the Cornell lads with every effort.

The Sylvester Boat Club of Moline, Ill., entered for the senior four-oared race of the morning, arrived this morning, completely fagged after forty hours' ride. They say it is only by sheer good luck that they got the railroad people to forward their boat.

They paid \$135 to have the craft transported. They are not spoken of in the betting on this race, the Toronto Club, of Toronto, being first choice, with the Potomac, of Washington, second, and Cornell Navy, of Ithaca, third.

The Passaic four of Newark have only a quiet talk in the pools.

The race to-day was confined to trials in the junior and single sculls and junior four-oared shells.

A strong westerly wind prevailed all the morning, and created an angry sea. All boats of speed were performed with a thorough covering for the performers.

On account of the lumpy water the time of the various races was slow.

The morning was fogged early yesterday. All races were over the mile and one-half, the starting point being at the railroad bridge of Northumberland, and the finish just below the main thoroughfare of Sunbury, Market street.

Among the New Yorkers who stood on the banks with the mighty throng of 35,000 during the races were Coroner Messemmer, John E. McGowan, C. C. Johnson, Charles Schilling, Charles Lyon, Phil B. Schille, Sheridan Mahoney, John J. Schille, Henry W. Savidge, W. E. Turner, W. K. Nicholson, J. W. Laver, John C. Gates, J. Grayson and P. B. Hulke.

The Regatta Committee, by mutual consent, revised the rules so as to let the first and second winners in the contests to-day count for the final morning.

The oarsmen are very angry over the change. It has never been done before at a national regatta.

Ellis Ward, a trainer for the University of Pennsylvania, and Charles E. Courtney, trainer for Cornell, were on the press boat with THE EVENING WORLD representative.

Ward is here with the Fairmount eight, of Philadelphia, which he says will win with ease to-morrow.

Courtney is not so confident about his charge, because he says the stroke man of the team, R. McCobb, is about the best in the world, and that the oarsmen are suffering more or less from the effects of the drinking-water here.

The first race to-day was in the junior single sculls. The starting point was on the river, numbering from the Sunbury, or easterly, shore, were:

No. 3—Blue, Lee Cavett, Columbia Boat Club, Allegheny, Pa.

No. 4—Green, G. A. Strickland, Don Amateur R. C., Toronto.

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**GOOD-BY AND GOOD RIDDANCE.**

Billy McGlory Has Sold Armory Hall and Will Migrate to St. Louis.

Mr. William McGlory was out this forenoon on the road speeding his new piece of horse-flesh, and wearing a smile of content as the "critter" hastened to leave the dust of other equine quadrupeds behind her.

The animal is a late acquisition of Billy's, for which he disbursed \$1,600 of his good money.

McGlory has lately disposed of his property at 154 Hester street, the Armory Hall dive. This is a big four-story brick building, used as a tenement-house above and as a haunt for the riotous love of beer and pleasure on the ground floor.

The price which he says he got for the property is \$85,000.

It is said that an Italian church will be erected on the site. How any Italian congregation could pay as many thousands as this for the land and then put up a church on it is a mystery.

Part of Billy McGlory's real estate in the neighborhood fronting on Mott street also belongs to the McGlorys. This real estate is rented on an annual lease. The present holder of the lease has rented the premises for several years.

He knew nothing of the sale of Armory Hall, it is likely that this McGlory part of the property was all disposed of when the rest was sold.

With the bundle from the sale of his Hester street dive Billy intends to go West and set up a theatre in St. Louis.

New York will not mourn his loss, for a bigger grog never made this metropolis his abiding-place.

**JEALOUSY'S TERRIBLE WORK.**

Christopher Lamb Threw His Wife Out of a Four-Story Window Because of It.

At about the hour this morning when Henry Ebert was being hanged in Jersey City for the murder of his wife, Christopher Lamb, who has a stand in Washington Market, was arraigned before Justice White at the Yorkville Police Court, charged with attempting to murder Lena, his wife, by throwing her from their window on the fourth floor of the tenement-house 1000 First avenue, corner of Fifty-fifth street.

Christopher Lamb is nineteen years old and speaks little English. Four months ago he was married to Lena, who was a few months his junior, and they set up house-keeping directly opposite the rooms of his brother, Charles Lamb, the driver of a beer wagon.

Two weeks ago Christopher saw a fellow-tenant carry a scuttle of coal upstairs for his wife, and on the score that this was an indication of her faithlessness, he left her and went to board with his brother.

Lena lived after that with her sister, Mrs. Lamb, of 310 East Sixty-sixth street, and yesterday she returned to their rooms for her clothing.

Presently Mrs. Bertha Lehman, who occupies the next apartment, heard a quarrel in the rooms of the Lambs. She met Charles Lamb in the hall, and he asked her if she had ever before seen such a bad woman as his sister-in-law.

Just then Christopher yelled from inside the room, "She's out of the window!"

The door was looked into by a spring lock and Charles was obliged to climb out on the fire-escape as Mrs. Lehman's, and thus through his brother's window and unlocked for him, for he did not understand it.

George Fleisher, a maker of polishes, was on the basement stairs when he heard Mrs. Lamb call out, and, looking up, saw both Mr. and Mrs. Lamb leaning out of the window. He turned to go down the stairs, and just then Mrs. Lamb's body came tumbling down and struck on the stairs behind him.

He rushed to the door, and she, who had been thrown out of the window, was an ambulance took Mrs. Lamb, who is a handsome, golden blonde, plump and neat and in good health, to Bellevue Hospital.

Officers J. W. Coby and Farrell, of the East Fifty-first street squad, arrested the brothers, and this morning Justice White held Charles on \$10,000 bail for the result of Lena's injuries, while Charles Lamb was discharged.

At Bellevue Mrs. Lamb is reported as better, and in no immediate danger.

**THE POLICY FIGHT GOES ON.**

The Indicted Men to Be Tried Next Week—A Long List of Places.

The trial of the five policy dealers indicted through the efforts of THE EVENING WORLD will take place some time next week. The men indicted are William McCurdy, Henry Smith, Charles Siebert, Frank Collins and George Brown.

Representatives of THE EVENING WORLD will lay before the court the evidence which they have collected against these men, and there will not appear a chance of their escaping punishment.

THE EVENING WORLD has not ceased its fight against the policy shops. More evidence has been collected, and the paper will continue to publish the names of the policy dealers who are doing business in the city.

Policy business has already been damaged in a large amount, and it will receive many more crushing blows before THE EVENING WORLD has ceased its policy crusade.

Fanny Davenport Gets Her Divorce.

In the suit of Fanny Davenport against her husband, Edward E. Price, for divorce, Judge Barrett gave a decision to-day in the actress's favor.

The suit was heard in the Flatbush Town Hall last evening to listen to the trial of Charles Fish and Rufus Bird, two rival painters in that town, who were charged by Officer Sammis with fighting in the street. Both prisoners were badly used up. Bird had a swollen nose and a black eye, while Fish had a swollen face. The trial was called for 7:30 o'clock, and as the officer did not appear, both prisoners were discharged.

**EBERT HANGED**

Jersey City's Wife-Killer Pays the Penalty.

Executed This Morning in the Hudson County Jail.

The Condemned Man Made a Confession This Morning.

A Solemn Procession Accompanies Him to the Gallows.

The Final Chapter in a Broken Life.

A DETAILED STORY OF HIS CRIME.

Henry Ebert, the wife murderer, was hanged in the Hudson County Jail, Jersey City, this morning.

The drop fell at 10:13 A. M. The body shot upward about 6 feet and slightly to the right.

The knot slipped from behind the left ear to the left cheek.

When the body settled down there were convulsions, and the limbs were drawn up several times.

The execution took place in ward 6, in the southwest corner of the jail, on the third floor.

Four minutes after the drop fell the body was lowered to a distance of six inches from the floor, and the physicians examined it and found the neck was not broken. They also noted the respiration. Death resulted from strangulation.

At 10:03 the witnesses to the execution and the Sheriff entered the jail. The witnesses went directly to ward 6, and the Sheriff to the cell of the condemned man, where Revs. Meury and Staehli had preceded him.

The Sheriff read the death warrant to the murderer in his cell, and asked Ebert if he had any remarks to make. He said "No."

Ebert was firm to the last and showed no signs of emotion.

The procession, which marched from the prisoner's cell up the northwest corner of the jail to the gallows, was led by Sheriff David, the Rev. Mr. Meury, the spiritual adviser of the condemned man, and the Rev. John Staehli, who had also visited Ebert several times since his confinement in the jail, followed the Sheriff.

Two deputy sheriffs came next, with the handcuffed prisoner walking between them. From the room adjoining the murderer's cell they marched into a narrow hallway and descended five steps to another narrow passage, which led to the door of ward 6.

Representatives of the press were stationed near the entrance to the ward and witnessed the march to the gallows.

The corridor of ward 6 is 8 feet wide and about 60 feet long. There is a gallery in the ward and twenty-two cells. The use of black and white paint has given it an appearance as sombre as the occasion.

EBERT'S CONFESSION.

Ebert made a statement to Rev. Mr. Meury this morning in which he said:

"I forgive all those who have acted unjustly towards me. I regret having killed my wife. I could not have been in my right mind when I committed the deed. I thank Jailer Birdsell and all who have been kind to me during my confinement in jail."

EBERT'S LAST NIGHT.

Ebert's demeanor was unchanged last night. He appeared indifferent to his fate. He ate a hearty meal at 6 o'clock and at 11:50 he was sleeping soundly.

The watchers during the night were Constable Michael Carroll and Keepers James Hanlon and Henry Hanley.

HE EATS A HEARTY BREAKFAST.

Ebert awoke at 4:40 and immediately put on his clothes. He was served with breakfast at 7:45. It consisted of beefsteak, potatoes, bread and coffee. His appetite was good.

Last night Dietrich Ebert, the brother of the murderer, gave to Rev. Mr. Meury a letter written by the condemned man before the murder.

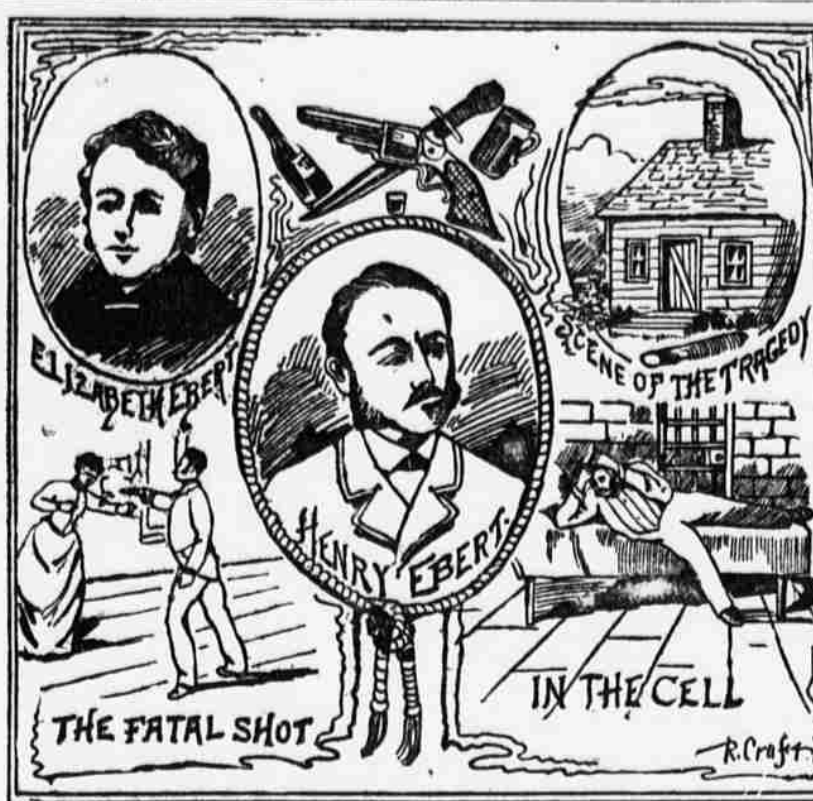
The letter was found by his brother in Ebert's clothes when he was taken to the hospital. In it he said:

"My wife dies of her own free will, and has begged me a hundred times to shoot her. I could not do it and would not do it. I am, however, at the present time in such a frame of mind that I should like to shoot myself. Should my wife hear this, however, she would be irredeemably lost, and it is better, therefore, that we die together. It is my wife's own wish that we die together, and I do it. I become a murderer in order to make my wife happy."

DIED UNHAPPY.

Sheriff Davis ordered a barber to shave Ebert at the jail yesterday afternoon. He had not been shaved since last Friday. Keeper Ettingham, by order of Jailer Birdsell, accompanied the barber to Ebert's cell with a pair of handkerchiefs.

When Ebert saw the tons he said: "I will not be handkerchieved."



replied Ebert, and the barber and keeper went away. No attempt was afterwards made to shave him.

The jail was guarded this morning by fifty policemen under Chief Murphy, Inspector Lang and Capt. Newton.

DIED ON THE SAME GALLOWS.

The gallows used in the execution of Ebert is the same upon which George Disque, another wife murderer, paid the penalty of his crime in 1887. He was the third murderer hung in Hudson County since it was set off from Bergen County in 1841.

The first man who paid the death penalty was Mechella, a Russian, who killed United States Marshal Stevens. Mechella was hung in 1872.

A second execution was that of Kankowski, who killed a girl in Rimm's woods, near Weehawken.

The following are the names of the jurors who were appointed by Judge Knapp to witness the Ebert execution: Drs. C. B. Converse, Samuel A. Helfes, Thomas J. McLaughlin, William W. Varick, Fred C. Nelson, G. D. Van Reipen, Messrs. Charles S. Fratt, Charles W. Allen, John F. Kelley, Charles Esterbrook, Patrick Smith and Andrew Beck.

The Sheriff's jury was composed as follows: Siegfried Herzog, Daniel Krause, Louis Appel, Henry Peasemeter, Surgeon John J. O'Neill, Richard K. Letts, Alderman John Prigge, Frederick J. Mesmermer, David W. Lawrence, James J. Wiseman, Abraham Post and another.

THE STORY OF THE CRIME.

A Bitter Ending of a Sad and Unfortunate Life.

Henry Ebert, the long-suffering murderer whose life has ended so miserably, was born thirty-five years ago in Hesse Darmstadt, Germany. His parents are still living there, the father earning his living as a dam-tender.

Ebert came to America several years ago and located in Jersey City, where his brother, Fred Ebert, had settled before him as a plumber.

On Aug. 27, 1888, Ebert married Elizabeth Liet, a young widow, the woman fated to die by his hand. Her maiden name was List.

and she was a sister of the wife of Fred Ebert. Her husband, Liet, had died shortly before her marriage to Ebert, leaving \$1,600 in money for their infant daughter, Elsa, to be held in trust by the mother until the child grew to maturity.

Ebert and his bride lived happily enough for about a year until Mrs. Ebert was stricken with typhoid fever and her mind permanently affected. Ebert left a situation in New York to personally attend to her and exhibited a devotion commended by all who knew him.

He took the unfortunate woman to half a dozen doctors in vain attempts to have her health and reason restored and failed everywhere.

Finally he placed her under the care of the doctors at the German Hospital in New York and the home was broken up.

Little Elsa was taken to live with her uncle and aunt, on Central avenue, and her step-father hired for his own use a little one-story three-roomed dwelling at 31 Pearson street, where he lived alone. He had obtained employment as a shipping clerk in a Park place toy house. In a short time Mrs. Ebert was taken to the German Hospital to Bellevue and from there to Blackwell's Island. Her husband repeatedly visited her and on many occasions talked with her over money matters, which, when reviewed at his trial, were greatly to his conviction.

He seemed to show an anxiety to obtain the \$1,600 fund by Mrs. Ebert for her child, and he became angry when his wife persisted in refusing his visits to her at Blackwell's Island became less frequent and her spirits drooped in consequence. Finally, at her own urgent request, she was taken from the island by her brother-in-law, Fred Ebert, to the home of a friend, Mrs. Taubert, of East One Hundred and Eighth street.

On the way the poor woman asked for poison, and sobbingly protested that she was tired of her miserable life.

Ebert called often to see her at Taubert's house, but each time seemed more gloomy and despondent.

On the afternoon of Sunday, Nov. 27 last, the day of the tragedy, he called evidently in better humor and asked his wife to walk with him in Central Park. Instead of doing so the pair boarded an elevated train and rode to Christopher street and from there took the ferry to Hoboken and the cars to Ebert's lonely home. They arrived at dusk and entered the house perceived by no one. What transpired in the lonely hut within the succeeding hour no one can tell.

The report of Ebert's pistol alarmed the neighbors, but the deadly stillness that followed ended their fears. It was not until an hour later that Ebert was found wandering about the little yard muttering indistinctly to himself and bleeding from a bullet wound in the head. Those who found him remembered then that they had heard a voice crying faintly about the house for some one to open the doors which Ebert had unwittingly fastened behind him with a spring lock.

Ebert could not have known that his wife lay dead within. Policemen found her body lying on an old lounge cold and lifeless with a bullet hole beneath the temple.

Ebert was taken to the City Hospital, dying. The doctors said that he could not live and

**EXTRA**

**8 P. M.**

DID LULU DRUG HER SISTER?

A NIGHT OF MYSTERY TO THE MEMBERS OF THE GERKIN FAMILY.

Little Florence Found in a Suspiciously Drowsy Mood on a Central Park Bench. White Lulu Has Disappeared—A Brief Glimpse of Her at the Arsenal This Morning—Her Mother's Fears.

A little girl was found by Park Policeman Quinn asleep on a bench near the statue of Commerce in Central Park at about 8:30 last evening.

She was a beautiful little child, with brown eyes and light curls and two years and ten months old. She is bright and chubby, but when found she was extremely drowsy. Indeed, it was all that the officer could do to keep the little thing's eyes open on his journey to Police Headquarters.

At 10 o'clock Charles Gerkin, a machinist living at 1131 First avenue, called at Headquarters. He was very much agitated over the loss of two children, and feared foul play.

He inquired if any children had been found, and in a few minutes he was coming down the stairs from Matron Webb's apartments with the little girl in his arms.

The little wanderer was Gerkin's daughter, Florence, or Flora, as she is called, and had been away from home since Monday evening at 7:30, when her older sister, Lulu, took her in her arms, bade her mother good-by, and started ostensibly for her cousin's house in Harlem.

Lulu has not yet returned home. She is a pretty girl, nineteen years old, has light hair and dark eyes like her little sister, is of medium height and has a plump, well-curved figure.

When she went away she wore a green dress and neck and a dark straw hat trimmed with black lace and red flowers.

The extreme drowsiness of the little baby when found led to the suspicion that both had been drugged. Careful inquiry this morning cast even a darker shadow over Lulu's disappearance, for it was feared she had been led astray by some unscrupulous man.

Mrs. Gerkin broke into tears this morning when she related in a motherly way her daughter's fondness for adventure. She has five children, the oldest a son, who married and lives in the rear of 418 West Thirty-sixth street.

About a month ago, the mother said, Lulu left home, and she fears it was with a young man. A week ago she wrote a letter home, which led to her being found in the Florence Home, where she had gone after being told by her married brother that she could not make his house.

The mother hinted that the young man who had fascinated Lulu had abandoned her soon after she went away from her home.

Mrs. Gerkin fears that Lulu has again strayed from the right path. "I am a poor woman," she said, "and I cannot go to the police and find Lulu, but if she would only be brought to me I would try and put her where she will be taken care of."

The whereabouts of Lulu and her little sister from Monday night to last evening cannot be guessed. The baby's drowsiness, as explained by her remark, "Lulu and a man gave me soda water in a candy store."

This morning at 6:25 Sergt. Fitzpatrick, of the Central Park police force, was sitting at his desk when a young woman entered and inquired for a baby girl, who she said was her daughter.

"I was sitting in the park last evening reading a newspaper at about 7:30 o'clock and the baby was playing in the grass at my feet when suddenly it disappeared and I could not find it," she said. "Her name is Flora Gerkin, and her father, my husband, is a driver."

The young woman was undoubtedly Lulu Gerkin, for a description given by the Sergeant tallied exactly with the one given by Mrs. Gerkin. The Sergeant did not take the address she gave him, but thinks it is No. 241 West Forty-eighth street.

Her parents will make every effort to find Lulu and put her in proper hands.

Edgar Sends the Carry Letters.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)

LINCOLN, N. Y., July 18.—Patrick Egan to-day sent to Henry Labouchere the following cablegram:

To Hon. Henry Labouchere, London, N. Y., July 18.

I have mailed you to-day for use before Committee of House of Commons all letters received by me from James Carey during my stay in France, and I will attend in person before the committee upon conditions stated in my published letter to King-Harmon of April and May, 1888.

(Signed) PATRICK EGAN.

Amos Cross, the Great Catcher, Dead.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)

LOUISVILLE, July 18.—Amos Cross, the greatest catcher the Louisville Club ever had, died yesterday at Cleveland, O., from consumption, resulting from an accident received on the ball field. He made his great reputation in 1883 and 1884, and was reckoned the finest thrower to second base in the Association.

Rain Predicted for Thursday.

WASHINGTON, July 18.—

Weather indications: For Connecticut and Eastern New York—

Warm; fair, followed Thursday by rain; southerly winds.

The Weather To-Day.

Indicated by a self-registering thermometer.

1888, 1889, 1890, 1891, 1892, 1893, 1894, 1895, 1896, 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903, 1904, 1905, 1906, 1907, 1908, 1909, 1910, 1911, 1912, 1913, 1914, 1915, 1916, 1917, 1918, 1919, 1920, 1921, 1922, 1923, 1924, 1925, 1926,